### NOTES FROM LONDON.

THE ATTACK ON MR. FORSTER-SUNDAY OPENING.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE The attempt of the Bradford Caucus to discipline Mr. Forster has drawn from him a long letter published to-day. If it were necessary to reply, this is What I call the Caucus is known in a good reply. the cumbrons jargon of current politics as the Liberal Four Hundred of Bradford. This is not their first endeavor to enforce subserviency to the They tried it when Mr. Forster was a candidate, and failed. He has a backing in the constituency which his Radical critics have never been able to shake. He refused to submit himself to their dictation, and Bradford stood by him in his independence. The excellent Liberals of that great town knew very well the origin of the hostility which Mr. Forster had to encounter. It dates from 1870, as I have before explained, and the Education Act, and the compromises with the Church party which Mr. Forster entered into in order to save that measure from wreck. This last solutter of bitterness is but the echo of the yells then heard. Nor is it certain that the Bradford Caucus does not answer to the wire-pulling touch of Birmingham.

More important now than all that historical matter is the pretension, now distinctly asserted, of the Machine to manage the Member. Mr. Forster may be right or wrong in the question now at issue. I think he is right, but if I thought him wrong I should none the less condemn his censors. The question is American as well as English-the question of a member's immediate responsibility to his constituents. The tendency of modern politics is to | which a belligerent eagle, holding in its talons an Ameri enforce a minute supervision over the acts and words of a representative, and it is in some respects a mischievous tendency. If a borough or county in England, if a Congress district in America, wants a mere delegate, they can get one-can get a man who will be swayed by every breath of popular passion. and who will allow his vote and speech on every subject to be dictated to him from home. But the best men are not to be had on these terms, and if representative bodies are to be kept at a high standard the other doctrine must prevail. A member must be a representative and not a delegate; faithfully serving his constituents, faithful to his party and principles, but using his own judgment and preserving his independence on questions as they

That is what Mr. Forster has done. He disapproves the course of the Government in Egypt and he has the courage to say so. The Bradford Four Hundred cry out that he ought to have approved or have pretended to approve when he did not; or perhaps have held his tongue altogether and given a silent and hypocritical vote in favor of a policy which his judgment and conscience condemned. I do not believe they have with them any great body of public opinion. Men of character and conscience, of strong opinions and strong wills, are still deemed valuable to public life in England. Mr. Forster expresses what many Liberals less outspoken really think about Egypt. His enemies say he attacked Mr. Gladstone. No doubt he used a phrase little in accord with the idolatry lavished on Mr. Gladstone by his personal admirers. Trying to account for Mr. Gladstone's conduct to Gordon, he described him as one who could persuade most men of most things, and himself of anything. The words stung. Even Lord Hartington resented them. They might have been left unsaid, but it is turning political loyalty into servility to pretend that they are an offence for which a man of Mr. Forster's position, or of anybody's position, is to be publicly robuked. Mr. Forster the same night disclaimed all intention of offence, and after that nothing more englit to have been heard of the matter.

On the Egyptian policy of the Government, Mr. Forster in his elaborate reply to the Four Hundred restates his opinion; states it cogently and with his grades and prices. The kind that are given away are, of wonted argumentative effectiveness. But it is not necessary to follow him through that labyrinth. If his speeches did not convince his critics, neither will this convince them. What is most important is Mr. Forster's distinct assertion of his right and duty to put at the service of his electors something more than blind obedience to the crack of the party whip. To the warning that this is not the way to regain office he answers that he knows well it is not; that he sets little value on office; that he sets great value on his position as member for Bradford; that not even to remain member for Bradford will he forfeit his right to say what he thinks, since never did the right and duty of independence need more assertion than now.

That is well and manfully stated, and the response to it from the country at large will be a good measure of the present soundness of political feeling. The party hacks, the papers which take their tone from the managers, will continue to revile Mr. Forster. The Liberals who are sectarians first and Liberals afterward, will keep alive the memory of this grievance by fresh assaults on the man they have sworn to banish from public life. Birmingham will doubtless stand by its Bradford allies and tools. But the provincial papers of the more honorable and thoughtful and genuine sort are taking sides with Mr. Forster. The Manchester Guardian supports his view. The Leeds Mercury, the chief organ of Yorkshire and next door to Bradford itself, asserts as strongly as Mr. Forster does the right of forming and of making known to the country an honest judgment free from fear of abuse or persecu-The London press is with him so far as it speaks-all the leading papers except the one organ of Liberalism which now is so often illiberal; and that one pays him the homage of silence.

The movement; against the Sabbatarianism prevalent in this country is obviously gaining force. Last Saturday was held the pinth meeting of what is known as the Sunday Society, the aim of which is to open museums and galleries to the pub lie now closed on the first day of the week, The Duke of Westminster is its new president, and Lord Bramwell was one of the speakers. Other earnest men took part in the proceedings, but I mention these two in proof that there is nothing violently radical or irreligious in the programme of the society. If any man is a Conservative, socially speaking, it is the Duke of Westmenster with his rent roll of half a million sterling a year. He is one of the chief among those great landlords whom, as well as the little ones, Mr. Henry George has undertaken to improve off the face of the earth. Lord Bramwell, a man nearly eighty years old, is one of the greatest lawyers and judges though he has retired from the Bench) of this century, conservative to the tips of his fingers, but a hater of humbug. They are both in favor of preserving the religious character of Sunday observance, but both in favor of allowing recreation.

Lord Bramwell, who is master of a very direct and simple style of speech, supported the society, he said, because it was endeavoring to get rid of the most mischievous and stupid way in which the English Sunday is observed. As a judge, he had been asked whether he did not think Sabbathbreaking the beginning of all crimes. No, he answered; for of all the offences or sins that a man or child could commit, the most easy, the most natural and the most rational was that of Sabbathbreaking. He hoped even to see the time when public opinion should sanction rational amusements on Sunday, such as cricket on the village green and lawn-tennis. Lord Bramwell must, I think, be old enough to remember the time when they were sanctioned-when the village rector used to join his parishioners in a game after Sunday service was over, and nobody thought the worse of any of them for

the indulgence. As a matter of fact the rule of Sanday observance isigreatly relaxed in England even now; in private 1f not in public. The number of country houses where lawn-tennis is played on Sunday afternoons is large and growing larger. The practice is not thought inconsistent with a reasonable degree of Christian piety, nor do many people take offence at it. Now and then you hear of an objection. There was a case of a house to be let last year, the owner of which made it a condition that his tenant should not use the lawn-tennis courts on Sunday. It remained unlet during the whole season. billiards are played; almost any-

games would be frowned on. But not to appear Sunday morning in a black coat would be thought a worse offence than to be found in the afternoo

with your coat off and a cane in your hand. The Sabbatarians are, in truth, driven from their old line of defence. They no longer hope to maintain the inherent wickedness of picture-seeing on Sunday. They say that the opening of galleries would involve so much increased labor as to be not a boon but a burden to the working classes. This is a fallacy which figures soon dispose of. The visitors to the museums, libraries and picture galleries of Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle and Dublin, which are now opened on Sundays, number 11,000 The attendants needed to look after them number 76. And the secretary to the society states that all the additional labor demanded by all such museums and galleries as are now accessible on Sundays requires but five extra attendances in the year of a few hours each by each servant. A general knowledge of such facts will presently render this argument of the Sabbatarians of no effect. G. W. S.

#### TATTOOING AS A FINE ART.

HOW THE PROCESS IS CARRIED ON IN OLD SLIP. "Edwin Thomas, tattooing artist," was the sign that greeted the eyes of a TRIBUNE reporter at South-st. and Old Slip. Two flights up, in a room furnished with a desk and half a dozen chairs, the "artist" was found at work. Three stalwart and sun-browned sallors were lounging about the room. By the window sat Mr. Thomas, holding the hand of a sailor lad, which he was tattooing. A sancer containing India ink. and one containing vermillion, stood on a chair by his slife. Into one or the other of these saucers he continually dipped four small needles fastened to a handle, and then pricked away at the back of the boy's hand, on can the, was beginning to appear. The sailor bay and his companions watched the work with interest. " Is the replied the sailor, and Mr. Thomas, seizing the reporter's hand, pricked the back of it with his needles paneture was scarcely felt, but a bright red spot, about the size of the point of a pin, was left Do you do much tattooing?" asked the reporter of the

"Yes, I have all I can do," was the reply. "I have just returned from Chicago, where I have been tattooing a woman for the show business. She was getting \$8 a week as a watress before, and now she gets \$4 a week in a dime museum. I have tattooed in all four women who are now in museums and making from \$15 to \$55 a week. I work here in the daytime and up on the Bowery at night. Most of my customers down here are salors. I am now tattooing the officers and crew of a British, bark. I go aboard of her afternoons, and every-body, from the captain down, is being decorated. I tattoo more mechanics than I do salors. Salors generally like engles, flags or ships. Here is a design that is also popular among sailors.

The tattooer opened a book containing designs drawn in India and vermilion, and showed the reporter a representation of an impossible woman, weeping over an improbable monument on which was inscribed, "In memory of my mother." "The mechanics and laborers, whom I tattoo up on the Bowery o'nights, bring me all sorts of designs—they generally furnish their own—and seem to be fond of horses and other animals for decorative purposes. For tattooing any one for the show instances I get \$200. Such designs as these in the book there range from twenty-five cents to \$2. After a design is pricked in the red generally purish and alory present confirmed Mr. Thomas's words and "Yes, I have all I can do," was the reply. "I have just

occasions no pain.

The sailors present confirmed Mr. Thomas's words and exhibited their arms and hands, covered with anchors, hearts, ships, mourning pieces and other devices.

#### AN HOUR IN A BASEBALL FACTORY.

NO WONDER THE SPHERES ARE LIKE STONES-A CHAT WITH A MANUFACTURER.

"The baseball manufacturing business has had a rapid but prosperous growth," said a manufacturer nly. "It is confined to a few men, and probably not be encroached upon by speculators. recently. There are in the United States to-day only eight factories of any importance, and yet these entirely sufficient to supply all the baseballs that are wanted in this country. Recently there has been a sort of a "boom" in the ball market. This is eaused by the adoption by clothing houses throughout the country of the custom of giving to juvenile purchasers basebails as presents. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, ordered 25,000 for this purpose. The balls are of different course, cheap but quite durable. Perhaps you would like baseballs are made. Follow me

and I will show you the whole process."

On the upper floor of the establishment sat several men with backets of dampened channols and buckstain clippings at their sides. Before each workman stood a stout piece of joist, in the end of which was inserted a mould, hemispherical in shape, in which the balls are formed. Taking a handful of the cultings from the basket, the workman pressed them together in his hands and then wound about the mass a few yards of strong woollen varm. Placing the embryo ball in the mould, he pounds it into shape with a heavy flat mailet, and then wound on more yarn and gave the ball another nounding. After testing its weight on a pair of scales and its diameter with a tape measure he threw the ball into a basket and began another. When the newly-made balls are thoroughly dried they are carried to the sewing room on the floor below where they are to receive their covers. Forty young women sat at tables sewing on the covers of horsehild. Grusping a ball firmly in her left hand, with her right hand one of the young women threst a three-cornered needle through the thick pieces of the cover and drew them firmly together. In less than ten minutes her work was completed. A smart girl can cover two or three dozen of the best, and eight dozen of the cheaper grades of balls in a day. The wages carned weekly range from 8.7 to 89. The balls are afterward taken to the pacame room where the seams are smoothed down and the proper stamps are and I will show you the whole process." and eight dozen of the cheaper grades of onits day. The wages carried weekly range from 87 to 89, balls are afterward taken to the packing-room where seams are smoothed down and the proper stamps are on. The best balls are made entirely of yarn and in-

put on. The best balls are made entirely of yarn and india rubber.

"My brother was one of the pioneers in
this business," said the manufacturer. "He was
the inventor of the two-piece cover now in
general use throughout the country. If my brother had
only patented us invention the members of our family
would now be wearing diamonds instead of bits of white
glass in our shirt fronts. Ball covers are made, almost
without exception, of horse-hide, which costs three dollars a selie. We used to obtain our supply from John
tarl, a leather dealer in the Swamp for nearly thrity-five
years. We are obliged to go to Pulladelphia now, there
being no merchant here who keeps horse-hide leather.
The capacity of our factory, when we get our new moulding machines in working order, will be about 15,000 balls
daily, each unachine being expected to turn out 1,200
balls a day."

# THE EXECUTION OF CAMPI.

From a Paris Correspondent of The Philadelphia Times.

"Campi! Campi! The governor calls his name aloud twice before he hears it. At last he awakens, sits upon his cott and rubs hiseyes. "Your appeal has been dismissed and your application for a parelea before," says the governor. "Now, my lad be brave." Campi furns deathly pale. After a minute or brave." Campi furns deathly pale.

awakens, sits up on his cot and runs inseryes. From appear has been dismissed and your application for a pardon refused," says the governor. "Now, my had, be brave," campt turns deathly pale. After a minute or so he tries to collect his thoughts and goes down on his knees on the bed. But a nervous spasm convulses his limbs; his breathling becomes labored, the sweat pours from his ghastly face in streams. Another minute—Campt grands his teeth to stop their chattering, takes his seat again on the mattress to pull on his socks, dresses himself partially, and shides of the bed to the foor.

The worst is over. A few minutes more and he masters himself completely. Water is given him and he washes his pailled face. Everybody leaves the cell except the priest, who tries to console alm. Campl kneels and listens attentively, but suddenly interrupts him.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Half past four."

Campf glamees at the grated window and sees that it is day; his eves fill with tears. "Well," he says. "I am read?" He rises to his feet at a bound. Two turnkeys advance to take hold of him. He waves them away with a threatening gesture. They think he will resist. Bangesne whispers a few words to quiet him and his featness relax, but he still remains on the defensive.
"I can walk alone—I am not afraid." A sudden idea strikes him. "Any newspaper man here if he asks, and his face assumes a frightful seowi as he examines the bystanders. If a newspaper man had been pointed out to him he would have sprung at his throat. They soothe him by telling him "No," and he is led to the office to hear the sentence read. The chaplain, who walks at his side, continues his exhortations and gives him absolution.

He is quiet now and the priest asks him if he is thirsty.

He is quiet now and the priest asks him if he is thirsty. He says "Yes," and drinks about half a glassful of white wine.
"Your hands," says the executioner's assistant, and
Campi holds them up to be bound. "Not so tight," he ins, "you hart me."

Chief of Police tells him there is a magistrate in

readiness in case he has any statement to make "Magistratel" replies Campi, with a loud laugh. "Oh readitioss in case he has a with a loud laugh. "Oh, is, is."

At this moment the overcoat given to him by ex-Chief of Police Mace, which he wore at the trial, was thrown over his shoulder. He rose—the "tollet of the guillotine" was over. "Never mind going with me to the senfold," said Campi to the priest. "It will only grieve you." Then he crossed the restibule, with a firm tread, his head thrown back defiantly. Beside him walked the priest. All at once he stopped and turnfed to ask: "Where is the excentioner,!" Denber was pointed out and he looked at him with a smile of mingled pity and distant. The prison doors were thrown open, and the command of the officer of dragoons rang out on the clear air like the sound of a trumpet: "Draw salves."

Campi walked steadily on, but the head sinking on his left shoulder, the convolstre itwitching of his mouth and his eyes, of which only the whites were visible, betrayed the anguish of his heart. His last attempt at cravado was when he caught sight of the guillotine. "Is that all!" he said. "Kiss me, my son," replied the priest.

"If you wish," faltered Campl, and the man of God folded him in his arms. Taking him from that sacred embrace the executioner's assistant flung him on the plank.

It was exactly quarter to five. Three seconds later

plank.

It was exactly quarter to five. [Three seconds later Campi's head was lying in the basket. Monsieur Deibier's operation had been rapid and successful.

"P'LICE, SIR!"—Mr. Maeliver: "Permit me to introduce my; friend, Mr. Bobby, who, hearing that you have taken up the Franchise Bill, hopes that you will run in a vote for him."—Mr. Gladstone: "I see no reason why you should not have what you ask"—Mr. Bobby. "Thank you, sir; you may always rely on us doing our duty,"—(Fun. THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UN-

thing is played, cards excepted. An odd distinction is sometimes taken. The hest likes his guests to play, but will not play himself. Of course there are many homes,—they may still be a majority,—where

# BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. The Battery is the place to muse en fallen glories. Yonder Jacob Milborne married; near by the wealthy Jacob Lookermans lived; from that point the Dutch soldiery recaptured the fort; at the next tree Captain Kidd took his yawl; here stood the gibbet; there Bayard was to have been drawn and quartered; Washington went down at this landing; Lord Cornbury in woman's clothes went up at that; Arnold walked in this garden; Kalm ate oysters by this beneh; Washington Irving's library was kept at this window; Talleyrand took lodgings at you tattered window; Erissot's coffee house was next door; "Nich" Mulier lives just here; Trieschi bought the same property: Tweed's sighs are in that leafy lisping of the tree he looked upon from his close carriage, saying: "Here is the penitent thief, stretched upon his cross, but where is He to pardon me by whose

Harlem, with a long history and its land titles well earched back to the time of John De Witt and Spinosa. who was the schoolmate of some of its early settlers,has already developed the institutions of a separate city; theatre, safe deposits, flats, hotels; but great crime seldom disturb New-York Island thence. One crosstown railroad at that point has sown the peopled houses across the island; for men are, after all, but the droppings of corporations, some financial, some military, and some ecclesiastical, whether they be the m founders of San Francisco, the turnpike children of Utica, the canal-strewn seed of Buffalo, or New-York itself sown by the West India Company. The corporation enlists a coward and makes Balboa of him, finds Clive a robber and ends him a lord, sends Hudson to give his name to rivers, and makes a tradition out of a mote, and a palpable Keely out of a motor.

Rivington is perhaps the only street in New-York named for a newspaper man, and he was the Tory editor in the Revolution who made his peace with Washington toward the end by furnishing him with information. He could not, however, make the soldiery understand it, and they closed his publication out, else it might be the dean

Religion is often a subject of more worldly pride and contention than of dying consistency. A recent death of a convert to the Roman Cathelie faith in an Italian cit, was a case in point; a prominent American had incurred the hastility of certain ecclesiastics, and they took ad vantage of his daughter's passing melancholy to surrou her on a voyage to Europe and secretly convert her. The Pope himself had a hand in the mighty conquest of a tion and malicious delight, came to the subject of ther real trouble and pain; the dying convert seemed on the bed of anguish to forget the whole subject in dispute, and the overzealous ministers waited in vain to celebrate the

Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, should be the patron saint of tourists; he rendered the decision three months ago that all wearing apparel was duty free if intended to be worn by the importer, whether it was worn already or not.

Mr. Willoughby, of Chicago, told me during last week, that 1,000 clothing stores were in that city. He said Brokaw Brothers, of New-York, made profits of \$100. 000 a year, and they were worth several millions apiec This gentleman and others have just bought in Georgia 5.600 acres of land covered with a deposit of marble as fine in grain, they say, as Carrara marble; it is near

A mine owner from Lake Superior told me last week that with direct transportation copper could be put into the Western cities at six cents a pound. About two thousand tens of copper ore a day are shipped from Huelva. the neighbor of the port of Palos whence Columbs sailed, by the English Rio Tiate Company, which has built at Huelva, in full sight of Pales, the Hotel Columbu (Colon), said to have cost some hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. N. Paige, who returned here last week, stayed at this hotel in February, paying two dollars : day for full board, and wine. In 1892 the departure of Columbus will be celebrated at this hotel and town by Europe and America.

We have a cousin we are harsh to-the rat. He crossed the ocean with us, and is almost as populous as we are in the pipes and sewers and basements beneath our homes. If he should invade the nouse with his hundred thousands we might scream, but if he should leave his hermitage and us for good we might die. He is the unpaid seavenger of man, bold and modest, merry, but undisturbing, and his brother, the squirrel in our cage, fed on sweet aimonds by the children, is just as fierce. The rat is pretty, too, if as man, and several of our States are named for him: the Wolverine, the Gopher, the Prairie Dog. He will go with us, mariner and pioneer, for he is the son of the grain-field and camp follower of the reaper. Mills that he shuns lose their millstones by floods, ships he deserts the ment. After General Skobeleff's speech, which the Ger-

A bust, statue, or public memorial of Thomas Kinsella reaking up a municipal ring composed in great part of people of his own nativity or extraction was morally id, and at the peril of his life's work and independence He persisted in it, and his triumph proved that his talents were feared in any rival field. Had he carried out his pur pese another powerful local paper would have been estab-lished. He believed in the break-up of the Democratic party after it once won a National victory. " I, for one ne said to me, " will not support it. But it can maintait elf intact as long as the Republicans are victorious in the Nation." He befriended Mr. Beecher when every prejudice he could have inherited pointed the other way For Seth Low he lead a kind appreciation, and wanted such young men to come forward. His errors were in training, early mistakes, and warm temperament; his strength was ruggest, proud and public impulse, the only ity of many weil-approved statesmen, even Chatham and Swift. He had a burning love for America and the

A man might suppose that a cheap museum was all to defraud, but this would be to generalize too harshly. If somebody had not collected where would be Peter Force's tracts and Peppy's library? A museum man lately intro-duced me to a Professor Worth, as the owner of a singuar collection of American relies. "Professor of what? said I. "Of contemporary antiquities," said the agent. Seeing me smile, he added: "Well, he is a one-idea man, who has been thirty years at work saving for posterity the suggestive things of his day. The Cincinnati riot was hardly over the other day when he had the iron bar of the jail that was ferced. Here is the first daguer rectype Abraham Lincoln ever had taken, given to the Professor by Mr. Hawks, Lincoln's tutor, who is still liv ing. The professor wanted to buy it, 'No,' [said the old man, 'I wouldn't sell so precious a thing, but in recognition of your labors I give it to you." The singular thing is that this story is perfectly true. By the ald of similar professors the Dukes of Saxony gathered together the

The cable railroad to be placed on upper Tenth-ave, is ne of the devices, ingenious enough though old as mechantes, to save cost, and to get power and facilities to move many people, but it is another of the many modern devices to increase the nervousness of man and horses. and therefore to put another convenience upon our trembling nervous systems, chiefly for the sake of making money for a few. Man as he lives must be a little considered, as well as man as he moves.

George Combe, the British author, who visited New-York nearly fifty years ago, found about the same social onditions we find to-day. He said: "British travellers who blame the Americans for worshipping an aristoc racy of wealth, appear, to me to forget the practice at home. In Britain all the aristocracy who are worshipped and to the best of my observation, when a noble family has sunk into poverty, the members of it receive less respect, from their own rank, and certainly far less homage from their inferiors, than are offered to those whose possessions are large. In regard to the untitled aristocracy of Britain, their station and influence depend almost entirely on their wealth. When they become poor, they sink at once into obscurity."

George Combe, mentioned above, was in some sort a connection of General Grant. He married a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, who was a Kemble, and therefore related to Algernon Sartoris, husband of Nelly Grant. Mr. Combe saw in 1837 the great panic, and thus spoke of New-York real estate speculation nearly fifty years ago: The Americans, are, at all times, highly speculative, but this supply of currency rendered them nearly mad. Manhattan Island, fifteen miles long, and from one to three broad, on which New-York was built, was all surveyed, delineated on a plan, and divided into lots. In 1836, these lots, among innumerable other objects, became subjects of speculation. They were bought and sold, and resold again and again, always rising in price, till people thought they could never have enough of them. If two persons were seen conversing in the street in New-York, and you had approached them, in nineteen Astances out of twenty,

you would have overheard, 'lots,' and 'thousands of dollars,' as the sole topics of their discourse. Very gen eral bankruptcy followed this mania."

Mr. Bliss, who headed the list of callers for the Arthur meeting in New-York, has been described as "one of the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co." A friend says: "Mr. Cornclius N. Bliss, who figured as chairman at the meeting, came to Boston as a small boy, and was taught all he knows, in the old dry-goods firm of James M. Beebe & Two old fellows namely, John S. and Eben Wright, had amassed considerable fortunes in manufacturing co ton goods, and Mr. Bliss became their chief clerk. The deadness of Boston as a market forced them to open a it. The late war was just over, and Mr. Bliss had amassed some means of his own. A few years ago the Wrights died, and Mr. Bliss and Mr. Fabyan, the Boston chief clerk, succeeded the old house and while in the drygoods line, and possibly in the Union League Club, and in Dr. Thompson's Broadway Tabernacle, Bliss is consider-

Mr. Samuel Gregsten, who travels much abroad, and knows the course of trade, says the United States must top coiningsilver, and must export its silver bullion, so as o break the price of silver to the lowest point, and so disturb the exchange between India and England, and Germany and her numerous commercial exchanges in Americ and Asia. England, for instance, has her great trade with India, and pays for cotton, wheat, etc., there with cotton goods and silver. Breaking the price of silver to the owest point, she must export more for exchange, and will begin to want to see silver higher, which can o got at by remonetizing it. She adopted the step of denonetizing it after Germany did so, the latter being eaded up with the gold she extorted from France. The gold product of the world is hardly sixty millions a year, ne-half of which the United States consumes in f uxuries paid for in gold. We had accumulated \$160,-000,000 of gold, now being drawn from us, and conse mently the return of our bonds is felt to be coming as gold gets low. Meantime it is demonstrated that we are nexhaustible in silver mines. The necessity of remone tizing silver is vital, and to get at it let the colunge cease here, and the rest of mankind feel the need of higher

I was asking Count Zacharoff, who owns one-fifth of the

Boudoir Car Company's right here, about Russian in tolerance with Germans and Jews. He said: "The Jev n Russia is not refined like the Jew in other countries He, has little relative knowledge of the civilization of other Jews. Having been very long in Russia, a land without much intercourse, he has settled into fixed confitions, most of which are degrading. For example, the liquor saloons are nearly all kept by Jews; they constitute one class. Then there are a set of ropers-in to those saloons to bring drinking customers, making class num-ber two. The pursuits of the four other classes are still lower down. Therefore the Jew in Russia is not perse cuted on account of his religion, but because he minister. German, on the other hand," continued Count Zacharoff, foresight enable him to supplant our own people in the banker. You are my chief elerk, and your friend there is my executive hand. A young German arrives and ad that salary is no consideration. He is directed to come to the banking house. He is clean, neat, exact, and he says he will work for a year or two years for nothing at all. Now we Russians are not a very discreet or prudent race. We take the young German in. He has been well versed in figures, in business science and in the routh of life. He knows just what he is going to do, no matter how many years the consummation may be off. In a little while he has the run of that house and none of us inderstand our own business. He has become indispensable. A few years pass by and I, the banker, am perhaps the porter keeping the door while he is at the ead of the house. This sort of thing had gone on imper eptibly until all at once Russia awakened and we said: My God, are we slaves in our forefathers' houses Hence the Russian antipathy to the Germans-not wholly just, I grant you, yet a fact."

Said I to Count Zacharoff: "You speak English ele gantly, and I am told you write it and can make a living by it. I see you speak to Signor Brignoli there in Italian also. Are you all educated men?" "I verily believe," said Count Zacharoff" that the higher class of Russians, the sons of the nobility, are the best educated men on the globe, certainly the best in Europe. There are not many of them, it is true. I am no exception, but I speak twelve languages. We take into our houses tutors from France. Germany, etc., and begin as children. When I was, say nine years old, I spoke three languages. In a few years more I had as many more. Having mastered a few languages, the acquisition of others becomes less difficult The Government calls on as for service according to our acquiremnts. I may be taken from the army, and give an agreeable diplomatic place in some distant land, be cause I am perfect in its language. Therefore the no-bility labor hard with their children; but as for the great bulk of the people, especially the seris, they can neither read nor write. Again, we have to learn science. I am in the army, and I had to know how to tie up an artery. perhaps set a leg, and so medicine is a military accomplishbeing on his staff. I found myself in America with sufficient money to have lasted me some time with pru-dence, but I was spending it left and right, and suddenly I found that my property was gone. In the interim before it was restored to me. I was able to make my living by writing for the principal newspapers, not New-York, but in Cincinnati, Chleago and elsewhere

"How do you like Americal" "It is an interesting land," said Count Zacharoff. "As far as comfort goes, you can buy anything here that you can in Europe. But the Americans, I think, are more smart than clever. For instance, in Chicago I am ordered out of my room at the hotel to accommodate delegates to the convention. Gentlemen in the house tell me that they have been good guests for two or three years, and are treated with no nore respect. It cannot be good policy to lose a reliable tranger. Yet it is looked upon as a matter of course ere, and I must think it more smart than right. Again I have noticed in Europe that all Americans are of two classes, one kind, who affect to despise America, and the other, who can see nothing in Europe to admire, but who are constantly telling its about the advantages of their and too little to refining your intercourse and being able o extract yourselves from the business demon who finally dries you up. Whatever vices the Russians have. hey keep playfulness in their natures. You, with mor virtue, seem to have no excursions in your lives, but slave harder than the slaves you emancipated."

The steamship question does not much concern Americans, except as passengers, but it is distressing the English greatly. The Cunard Line, originally; established by a smart loobying act to the discomfiture of the Bristo shippers, has within a few years past gone through stock-jobbing operations similar to the history of the Pacific Mail. The public got the stock with one hunderd per cent water in it, and then the operators got the tock back cheap after its dividend-paying power had been thrown away. Therefore the company is beginning to get fast ships, but in the meantime some of its old and highly disciplined men, who had grown fit for no other business, have passed away. Freights have been so uncertain in recent years, or since speculative lock-ups of grain and produce, that the reliance has been passengers, and competition has made the figures very low. In the best Cunard days the second cabin was \$100 and the first cabin \$160. Steerage rates were also higher, and the equivalent was to be had in the discipline and therefore the safety. It is believed that an effort will be made to reduce the size of the ships and to increase the rates.

The English proverbially learn nothing till hard experience comes. The running of steamers from Liverpool instead of from Holyhead and feeling along the Irish coast to get into Queenstown for a mail, when the mail ught to be delivered at Holyhead, are at last being thought about. The Irish coast is dark and dangerou and the tide in the Mersey is uncertain. Although not many great accidents have happened with the large ships, old English sea captains say that one (day there will be such a less of life on one of these large vesse that it will compel a return to lighter tonnage and therefore to higher passenger rates.

# THE MAN-FROG AND MAN-GOOSE.

THE MAN-FROG AND MAN-GOOSE.

From Chambers's Journal.

The man-frog was first exhibited in 1866, at a French country fete. He had a stout flishapen body, covered with a skin like a leather bottle, and a face exactly like a frog's, large eyes, an enormous mouth, and the skin cold and clammy. He attracted a good deal of attention from the Academy of Medicine, and a delegate was deputed to make him an object of study. He went all over France; and, at the end of a few years retired to his native place, Puyre, in Gers. The man with the goose's head was first shown at the Gingerbread Fair in 1872. He was twenty years of age, had round eyes, a long and flat nose the shape and size of a goose's bill, an lumensely long neck, and was without a single hair on his head. He only wanted feathers to make him complete. The effect of his interminably long neck twisting about was extremely ludicrous, and was so much appreciated that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Romilier, and is established at Dipton as a ponocographer. nably long neek twisting about was extremely account was so much appreciated that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Rondler, and is established at Dylon as a photographer. He is married; and, thanks to enormously high collars and a wig, is now tolerably presentable.

#### PARIS SOCIETY.

THE COMTE DE PARIS-LADY CAITHNESS AND THE THEOSOPHISTS. THEOM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Due de la Trémoille and the Marquis de Vogue, former Ambassador to the Court of Vienna and author of an interesting book of travels in the Levant and Holy Land. The society is supposed not to be political. Nevertheless it has an Orleanist and clerical tinge. It was founded in 1834 and had for a long course of years M. Guizot for its president. At present there are about 700 members. The annual subscription is thirty francs. On May 30 it will celebrate its jubilee. The Comte de Paris will probably make an attempt on that occasion to come forward. He longs for prominence, but his naturally vacillating and timid disposition keeps him back. His wife urges him to assume the attitude of a Pretender. She has a vigorous will but no brains; he has less intellect than the world gives him credit for possessing and no will whatever unless to read newspapers and write dull books. His head is poorly slaped and his chest weak. There was consumption both in his father's and his mother's family, two of Louis Philippe's brothers and one of his daughters having died of that disease and the late Duchesse d'Orleans having been constantly threatened with it. The Comte de Paris is obliged to winter in the south. He was a weakly child and was with difficulty reared on a pure milk diet. If it had been his destiny to succeed to an English throne he might have been a respectable sort of constitutional king. A bishop told me last week that he subscribes to the Sacre Cour Church building fund and the last time he was asked 'for money gave 500 francs, but on the agreement that als name was not to figure on the subscription lists. and that it was not even to be mentioned by one member of the committee to another. Ferry, who at least has character, is much more likely to develop into some sort of a perpetual ruler than the Comte de Paris.

Louis Philippe's grandson has not a single quality which would captivate French electors, and the Royalists are beginning to see that he is more in their way than anything else, and to hope that Providence or dynamite may remove him. I have heard this pions desire expressed by some leading men of what used to be the fusionist party. I de scribed to you his attitude toward the English Royal family on the occasion of the Duke of Albany's death. A French Royalist in speaking to me about it said "He has neither tact, dignity, brass nor pluck. What the deace can we do with such a poor creature at our head?" Personally I rather like the Comte de Paris, although I cannot help thinking him a miserable figurehead for a party. The family tradition that he represents is ontemptible. Louis Philippe at best was a fox. He was the son of Egalité, who gave out that Marie Antoinette was the mistress of her brother-in-law and of the Swede, Comte Fersen, and that her daughter was the child of the former and her sonthe Duc of Normandy who was imprisoned in the Temple-the son of the latter. This Egalité voted for the death of Louis XVI, and boasted of being himself the son of his mother's coachman. She was a Messalina and had a petite maison near Vincennes where, according to authentic police reports, she used to have orgies. Her husband was a miserable priest-ridden being. The Regent was a pleasant roue and so steeped in vice that he admired his own daughters, the Duchesse de Berri and Mademoiselle de Charolais, as much and in the same way as he admired Madame de Panabère. Read Michelet, the elder Dumas and the memoirs of his contemporaries about his admiration for the two Princesses. Read Macanlay about the vices of Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, father of the Regent and brother of Louis Quatorze. This Philippe was accused of poisoning his wife, the beautiful Henriette Stuart, daughter of Charles I. of England, for motives too vile to be gone into. The timidity and cowardice of the Orleans Princes arises from the hereditary bad conscience of the tamily. They tremble at their shadows. There is no moral elevation in any of them. How could there be? Louis Philippe was (see Louis Blanc's "Histoire de Dix Ans" and Cretineau Joly's " Affaire de St. Leu") the ac plice of Sophie Dawes in the nurder of the last of the Condés, whose fortune the Duc d'Annale now en-

when Mr. and Mrs. Levi Morton gave their select party, which I find the Marquise de Gallifet widow of the scientific few years ago visited New-York along with his daugnter, Lady Fanny Sinclair, She used to be very like the Empress Eugenie. She lives in magnificent style for about five weeks each year in the Faubourg St. Germain, where she has taken a lease of the Duc of Pozzo de Borgo's mansion, which stands between a large courtyard and a park-like garden. The furniture was accumulated during perhaps a hundred and fifty years by her ladyship's English and Spanish ancestors. It includes a quantity of paintings by contemporaries and countrymen of Hogarth. There are some Reynoldses, Copleys and Morlands in the collection. and a Velasquez. The late Duc de Persigny once said with a sigh: "The Emperor has made me a Grand Cross Senator, Ambassador, Member of the Council of Regency and Minister. He has given me estates and money and a chateau. But there is one thing he can't give me-a servant born in my family." Nearly all Lady Caithness's domestics have grown gray in her service and are children of old retainers. They are mostly English. She has a Cuban mulatto who was been on her father's property in the Antilles, and a Hindoo male attendant who, because a Theosophist, is on a very favored footing. Every Tuesday evening a Theosophist meeting is held in her house. No member of the sect to which she belongs was at her ball. Madame Blavatsky went to Enghien to which would not only do away with Lady Caithness's next week and to hear from her a statement of her doctrine. None of the Theosophists of her little church eat meat or drink wine. The brethren do not go into any society in which they might fall in with ladies wearing low-bodied dresses. Some of them devote themselves to meditation and avoid all those who are not of their faith. They believe that they are acquiring the power to work miracles and becoming superior to death. Indeed, life seems to them a sort of death, and at best (unless to those who keep their souls from impurity) an agglomeration of pleasing but illusory images. Lady Carthness is not by any means an ascetic. At

home she eats no meat and drinks no wine. But when she goes to dine at the house of an acquaintance she takes what is set before her. She also dresses fashionably and wears low dresses. At her ball she wore a quantity of diamonds. Those in a cross and "river" necklace were of extraordinary size. The "bretelles" of black velvet which crossed over her shoulders and descended behind to her belt were studded with gems of the same kind; and then she had three rows of diamond fringe attached to the upper edge of her corsage near the arms and brought around over the chest to the girdle under the other arm. The robe was of black satin with a black velvet train, and the headgear-also of diamonds-took the form of a Mary Stuart cap. Lady Caithness has been so habituated from infancy to external signs of great wealth that she takes them as a matter of course, and is no mere proud of them than of breathing good air. She is a most sweet-tempered, simple-mannered dowager, with the remains of great physical beau-Her ladyship is so careful to see that her least wealthy and celebrated guests are looked after

Baroness Jules Legoux, and the Viscountesse Tree Paris, May 16.

The Courte de Paris has been elected a member of

Baroness Jules Legoux, and the Viscountesse Tredern. The Princess was prevented from attending the ball by the recent death of Prince Stourdza. The belles of the evening were the Comtesse de Belbæuf, daughter of the late Duc de Morny, and the Comtesse de Zamoiska, née de Malakoff, cousin of the Empress Eugenie. Six hundred invitations were issued. About four hundred persons came.

The Marquis de Canx had a good deal to say about the Baroness de Kolamine, morganatic wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, whom he had known in Vienna and St. Petersburg. She is, it seems, a very accomplished pianist and has a voice which, though of small compass, is of penetrating sweetness, and is managed with exquisite taste. Queen Victoria, I heard from the wife of a German diplomatist who was talking to the Marquis, knew all about the Grand Duke's passion for Madame de Kolamine, and not only approved of his marriage with her but was present at it. The lady is devoted to the children of the Princess Alice and intends to be the preceptress of the younger ones. She is a tonce a diplomatist and an enthusiast. Though seductive she is not remarkable for beauty.

Patri's husband denies that he and his wife are the Historical Society. His "godfathers" were the

ble for beauty.

Patti's husband denies that he and his wife are going to set up again together. Years are beginning to tell on him. The face is redder than it used to be, gray hairs are beginning to show and he not only requires wider waistcoats but there is a large fold of desh at the back of his neck which overlaps his shirt collar. The eye expresses great shrewdness and the general air of prosperity.

shrewdness and the general air of prosperity.

The Prince of Wales has been enjoying himself here for the best part of the week. He dined yesterday at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs and breakfasted with M. Standish, nephew of the Due de Mouchy. At his request General de Gallifet was asked to meet him. After dinner he went to hear Theresa in "Le Bon Gité" at the Aleazar. It is a patriotic song written by M. Paul Deronlide, and has the meritof being simply pathetic. It is almost impossible to hear Theresa sing it without crying. It is about a soldier in the campaign of the Loire who has been billetted on a poor old country-woman. He remonstrates with her on the trouble and expense she goes to in making him comfortable; on her throwing her last faggot on the hearth to cheer and warm him; on her placing a white cloth on the table and giving him with his bread and soup a bottle of good old wine; on her insisting on him occapying a soft bed with clean linen, when a wisp of straw in an out-house would do; and in the morning on her stuffing provisions into his knapsack and a coin into his hand, as he is taking leave. She weeps and laughs and explains as she wipes her eye with the corner of her apron the reason of her kindness. The old woman has a son who is also a soldier and engaged in the war of defence.

This analysis can give no idea of the music, words and the homely pathos of the sentiment.

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NATURE AND ART AT THE CAPITAL. ELECTRICITY-MARBLE VS. SANDSTONE-PLANTS AND TREES.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) Washington, June 7 .- For the last few weeks the public buildings in the city have been han the tender mercies of a number of electric light companies. At nightfall you cannot stir without encountering, in every direction, the full glare of their rays. They have been allowed to place the lights in every conceivable sition. On the dome of the Capitoi, on its roof, on the flagstaff of the Smithsonian Institution, on the top of the Washington Monument, at each of the corners of the Treasury Building; in short, everywhere that ingenuity could have suggested the swinging of wires and the suspension of lamps. Without wishing to disparage the electric light, I may venture to say that in this instance its use has been carried a little too far. The lights at the top of the Capitol dome, for example, are a positive disfigurement of that building. So are the lanterns perched on the roof of the Treasury, and the globes which hang suspended about thirty feet from the ground on thin iron poles at each of the four corners, and in other places all around this tine structure. In the case of the Capitel the archi tectural outline of the dome, or at least that of its upper part, has been completely destroyed by the reflectors placed above and behind the lights to increase their brilliancy. The benefits derived fig a this mode of lighting, especially in the case of the Capitol, are small. The eight at which the lights are placed makes them comparatively valueless as a means of illuminating the surrounding grounds. Looked upon from an artistic point of view, their value becomes smaller still. It may well be doubted whether the effect produced upon the beholder by the magnificent proportions of the structure and the superb dome as it looms up in the darkness of a stormy night, or when its outlines are thrown against a moonlit sky, is heightened by a glare at the top and a string of fire-bugs along the cornice of the building. Only people like the official who, the other day, declared he had never seen anything more beautiful in his life than Niagara illuminated by red light, will admire this kind of electrical display.

Tastes, however, may differ. I am reminded of a little incident of which I happened to be an eye witness last week. Some time ago Dr Salviati, of Venice. esented the Government with a portrait in mosale of Garfield. A similar portrait of Lincoln, also the gift of the same gentleman, hangs already in what is known as Statuary Hall. When the Garfield portrait arrived at the State Department it was sent by Secretary Frelinghuysen Lady Caithness gave a ball on Tuesday evening, to the Senate accompanied by a letter which explained the origin of the gift and all about it. It found its way to the Duke and Duchesse Decazes at- the room of the Library Committee in the ordinary course tended. Lady Calthness is the very wealthy of business. It was admired as a faithful likeness of the late President, and the ingennity of the artist in handling his material, those curious little bits of colored stone of porcelain, evoked the liveliest admiration, which was not the less sincere because it was silent. One of the critics present, however, seemed perplexed. I ventured to inquired what faults, if any, he had to find with the work before him. "Well," he remarked after first giving expression to his views about the mosaic as a portrait. "I don't see why Dr. Saleratus, or whatever his name is, wanted to put a checkered shirt on Gardeld. It isn't the fashion anyway, and even if it was, it doesn't look nice. I don't like a checkered shirt," and with that he turned on his beels and walked out of the room. This is a fact. .

The difference between the material employed in the main portion of the Capitol building and that used in the construction of the two wings has often been mentioned as one of the great blemishes resting upon the structure. It undoubtedly is one. The main or middle part is built of a kind of sandstone which requires painting every few years to make it conform in color to the wings, which are of marble. Even then the disparity remains apparent. As time advances a rich mellow tone is imparted to the marble, which it is impossible to repreduce in painting the sandstone. Its variegated hues contrast strangely with the set cold color, if color it be, of the white centre portion. Every year, of course, the difference becomes more marked and harder to conceal. How to meet the difficulty without rebuilding the main part is a question which has engaged the attention of a number of architects, Recently, Mr. Clarke, the architect of the Capitol, has submitted a plan meditate in a garden there. I am to meet her at necessity of tearing down any of the old portions of the building but which would also meet the demand for increased facilities in the way of committee rooms and other accommodations. It is nothing less than to increase the whole centre, leaving the old walls to act whenever practicable as the sides of light or air shafts. This plan ould surround the main portion with a row of committee rooms, enlarge the accommodations of the Supreme Court and make it necessary to throw forward the main stairs. Whether it would destroy the graceful outline of the faça de, now one of the main features of the building, is a question upon which few persons, I dare say, will be able to agree. It is recommended chiefly on account of the small expense it would involve, as compared with other plans; a consideration which weighs heavily with Congress, at least in its present temper. The other im-provements contemplated, the plans for which were approved some time ago, are making headway very slowly An unwillingness on the part of the House to appropriate An unwillingness on the part of the House to appropriate money promptly is the cause of the delay. The Scoate has aircady voted the requisite amount. The "improvements" are a stone wall on the west side of the building, taking the piace of "a terraced lawn, a grand staircase on the same side, and smitable approaches on the north and south sides. The atter have just been completed. The wall, it is thought, will relieve the Capitol of the "squatty" appearance it is said to have now when approached from the west side. There are persons who fail to recognize the "squatthess" of the building in its present condition, but then they seem to be in a minority and as such cannot be presumed to know too much a matter.

It is a matter of regret that Congress cannot be induced to the Hotanical Gardens attached to It is a matter of regret that Congress cannot be induced to do something for the Botanica. Gardens attached to the Capitol grounds. The hot-houses are in a westened condition and the plants kept there are actually suffering from want of room. It is to be doubted whether finer specimens of palms can be found anywhere in the world—within hot-houses, of course. There are specimens fully seventy feet high which crowd their broken tops against the glass roof and present a pittable spectacle of neglect and carelessness. The superintendent can probably do no better than he does, under the present circumstances. What seems necessary is to raise the roof. This could probably be done at the cost of a couple of thousand dollars. If the average Congressman could be induced to take some interest in such things, the amount necessary for making suitable alterations would be voted readily enough perhaps.

Talking about plants reminds me of the old trees in the

wealthy and celebrated guests are looked after by her son, introduced to persons likely to interest them, and shown the lions with whom they may not be acquainted. Her smile is expressive of thorough kindness.

The other night her company, as she said, was ultra-profine. Being herself a musician, she is fond of musical people and cultivates the society of the Marquis de Caux, of Baroness Vigier (better known as Sophic Cruvelli), the Princess Brancovano, daughter of Musurus Pacha and grand-daughter-in-law of the late Prince Stourdza; of Madame Szarvadz, the